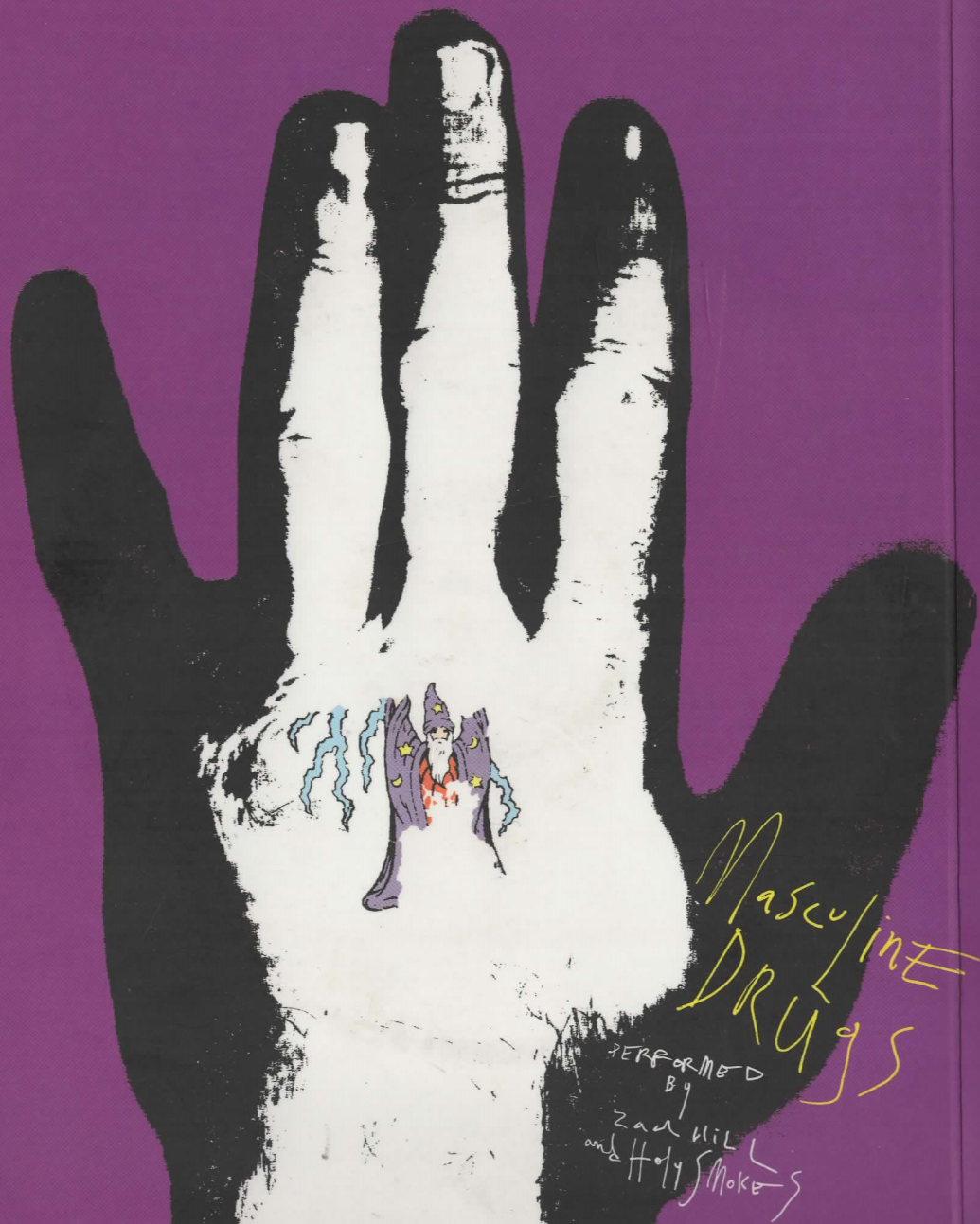


Destroying
yourself
is too
accessible



by Zach
HILL



Masculine DRUGS

PERFORMED
By
Zach Hill
and Holy Smoke's

**DESTROYING YOURSELF
IS TOO ACCESSIBLE**

(Old Children's Ramblings for the New and Improved
Child and Hypocritically Dexterous Hippy)

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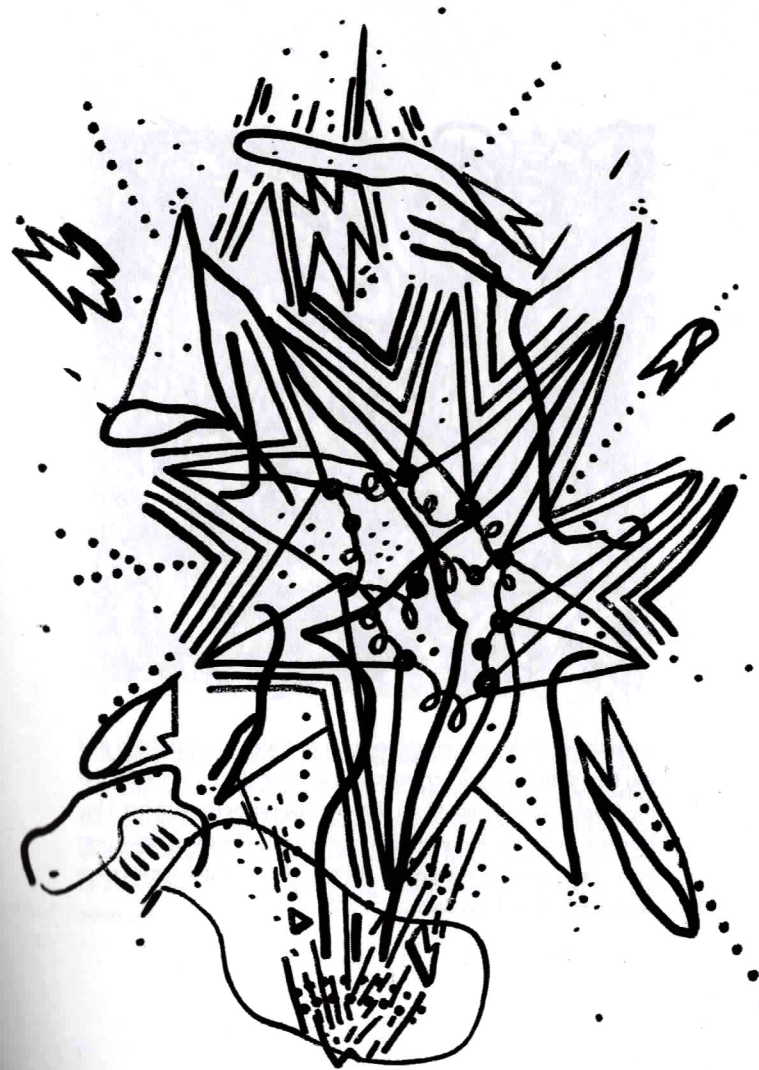
FOR AUDREY

THE END OF THE RAIN

INTRODUCTION

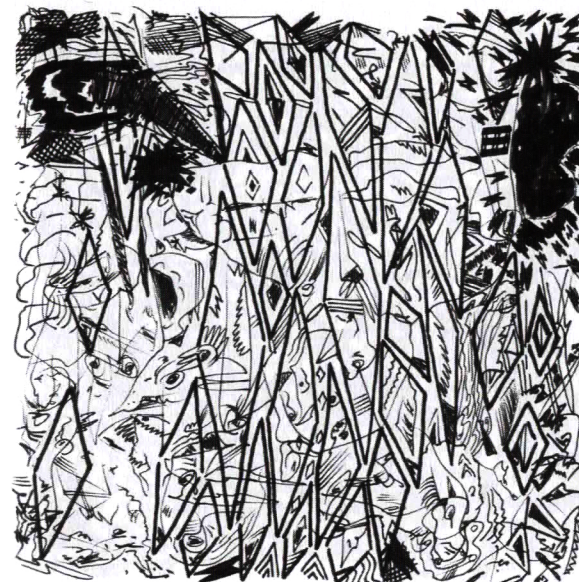
Here are the beginnings endings of a story-tale. When humans tell you to never lie, that's when you know they are liars. If you don't lie to yourself, you probably won't do it to others often. If you let it become part of your arsenal, monsters are made. That's not the good types of things you remember. Remember you're an animal made of dirt and blood, which is an honorable position to be in. There could be a mountain in your chest or boats in your blood stream. You should never lie – any day you could explode and turn into the ground you walk on. The next page will have the first newborn image, a halfway existing start to a story-tale with some non-existing words by it. The beginnings endings of a long, extended cuss word some liar would tell you not to use. You should never cuss in the presence of night and day, they might say. If you do that type of speaking, that means several ten thousand times a day, a human is landing while people are speaking realities. Let's welcome...

CHAPTERS 1





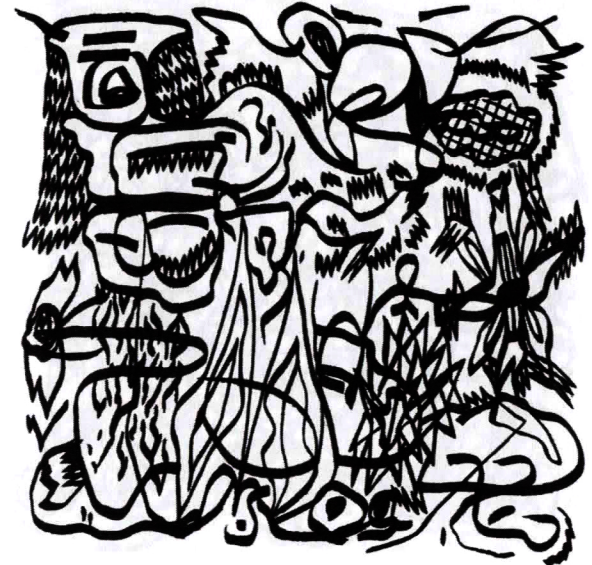
1. On the same day you developed your first scab and somebody told you they didn't like you very much. In another other it as the Year of the Duplex and the unofficial date was DecemberRemember One Hundred and One Eleventh. The answer of no one's question was born in an eggless hawk's mouth. The title of this creature/answer was given pre-birth and was Rules.



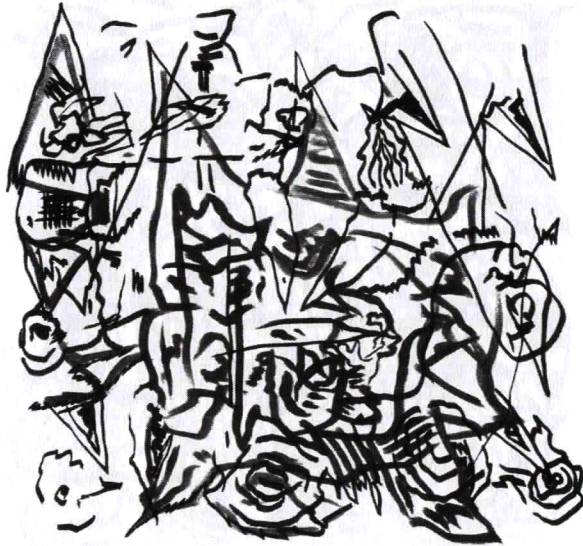
2. A tribe of Grasswarriors had been awaiting this arrival for a half-day. The winds had informed them to meet at the hawk's beak when their last bit of thread had finished their winter's armor. The trailblazer of these Grasswarriors was known as Die. He had an ice cream cone of a face and the smallest existing handshake ever to exist in non-existence.



3. The dimension that was in common was YES AND NO. The name of non-reality came naturally by the land's most popular and important questions. There wasn't a dinosaur or a fox skull that didn't lust of the answers of the planets, that is if planets existed and most blood thought not's and no's.



4. Die had been communicating with Rules prior to his One Hundred and One Eleventh Second Coming. Telepathy and blinking patterns through the bugs of air made this possible. When the two met square to square and past to past, seriousness hugged their circle and the present was celebrity.



5. The school of warriors divided by Rules headed toward The Crop Circles at Black Refrigeration Pasture. Conversations came by nine mouths and was textured and positive. As usual, planet talk took them over. Die loved talk of visiting all spheres by them visiting him. He claimed at any half-moment the whole universe could sweep him up for a visit. The others laughed at his tales. Inspiration was celebrity.



6. In another second where day had landed and never left, a Purple Tooth and a swarm of knights slept on a negative rock. This group considered themselves one tree and moved in the shadow of a squirrel.



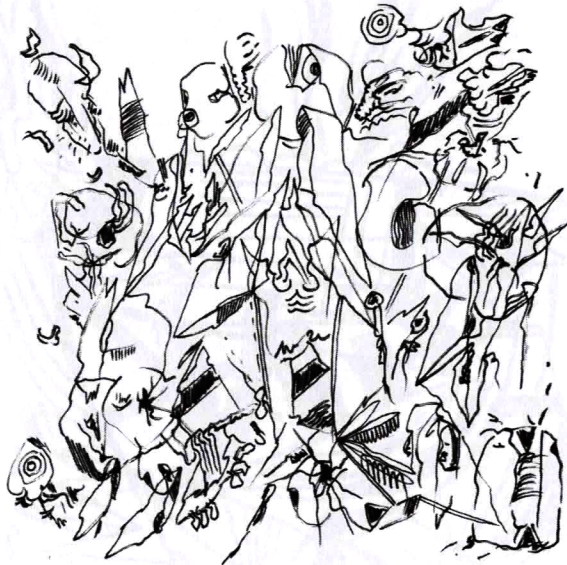
7. Hardly ever seen by the pinstripes of night, the posse of knights divided by Purple was collectively known as Man Boy Woman Girl. They had been yesterday's champions. Slightly down and outers, but with grace and activity.



8. The Knight's had no knowledge of Rules or Die and the Grasswarriors. Their past kingdom was the Year of Two Stories. They had spawned from a defunct plot of oxygen known in the old world of Gemini as colorless. In the later hours of the live long day, The Knight's awoke from no sleep. They too headed to Black Refrigeration Pasture and path's were crossed before they weren't crossed on future arrival.

CHAPTERSS 2

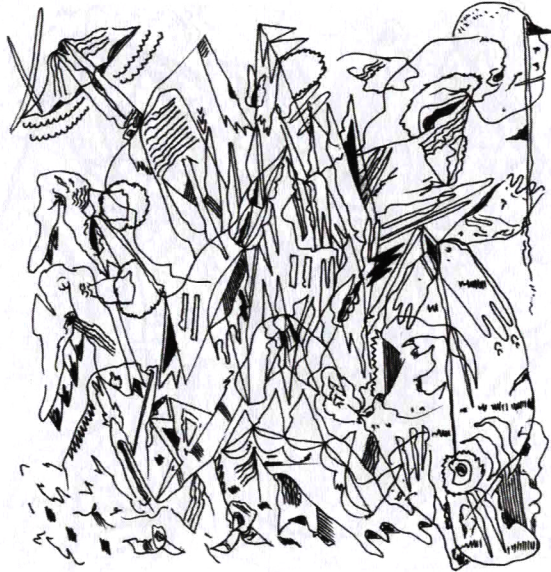




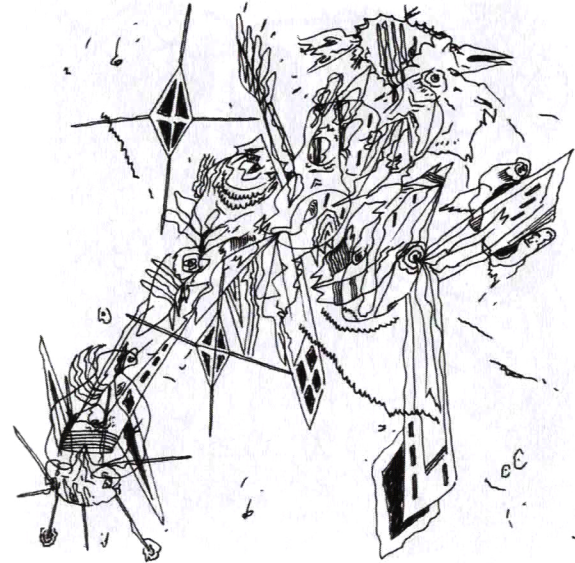
2. Black Refrigeration Pasture and The Crop Circles were common grounds for various strangers unknowing of each other. Food was the tip of the pyramid at the common place that is The Pastures, this pyramid being made of blind relations between half-strangers.



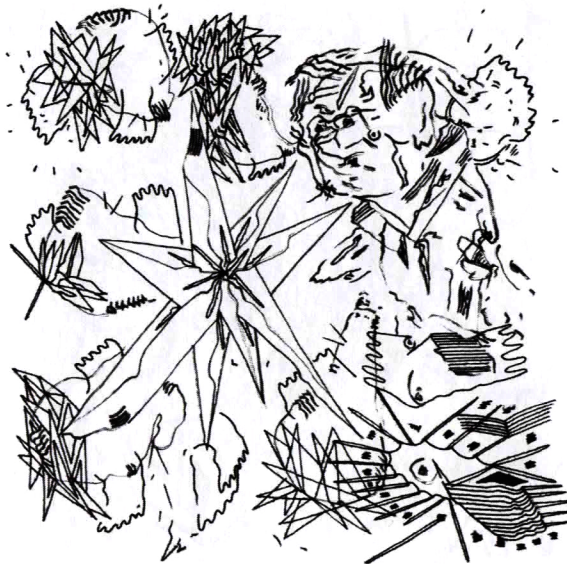
3. The food itself came from the skies. Like common ground, it was also common knowledge that every time there was birth in the oceans, stars fell from space. When life happened, death did too. The Crop Circles were on the receiving end of death as the oceans were life. Needless to say, both were abundant and The Pasture was YES AND NO's cafeteria.



4. The stars themselves resembled a giant glass hairstyle once they hit Black Refrigeration; each one showcasing an open wound. The wound is where the good juice hid. Overall the meal itself tasted like sweet dirt. It was the favorite's favorite. Man Boy Woman Girl traveled by song. To transport themselves anywhere, they sang as a choir. The Knights and The Purple Tooth sang with such power, forests and jungles would grow in their path as they hustled toward their destination.



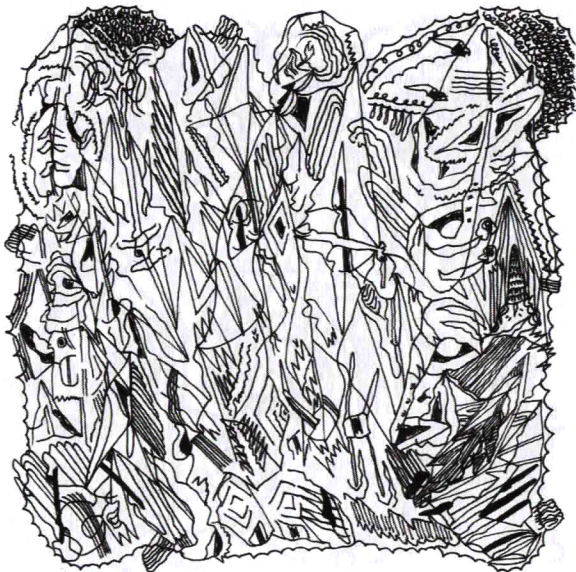
5. This made the travels 112 times tougher for the posse. It also meant they shared a trailblazer mentality with Die and The Grasswarriors. On every journey The Knights concealed two foot shanks. This way, they made way and their world would always find them.



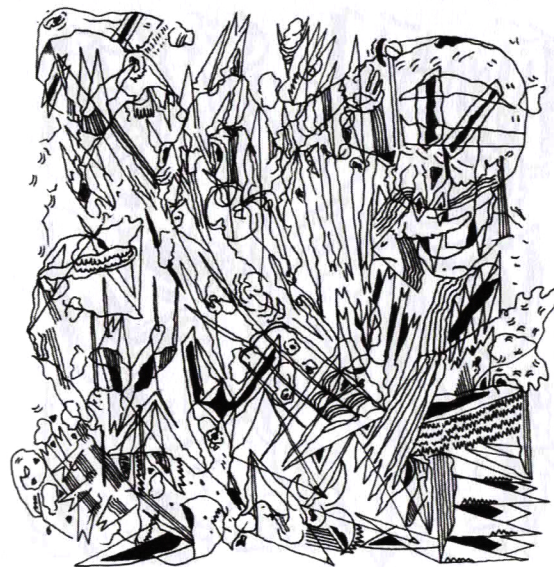
6. Rules, Die and The Grasswarriors were digesting glass hairstyles and conversing on how to spend their future right. All shared an extreme want within to construct something of positivity. Rules talked of the beauty and magic that lays in conflict. The group pondered negativity.



7. A lukewarm cloud crept over them from a dinosaur shelter nearby. None of them enjoyed the arrogance in the humid spray. This is where motive was born. The tribe had realization and discovered that for absolute beauty they needed to find trace amounts of opposition to smile upon them. The answer to their future was born and vision was creation through conflict.



8. Rules and The Warriors were sitting silent on their discoveries when out of everywhere jungles and black forests shot up around them. As fast as someone turning on the lights of inner space, the tribe had no exit. The sounds of a giant with beautiful vocals and the slashing of dense vegetation grew near.



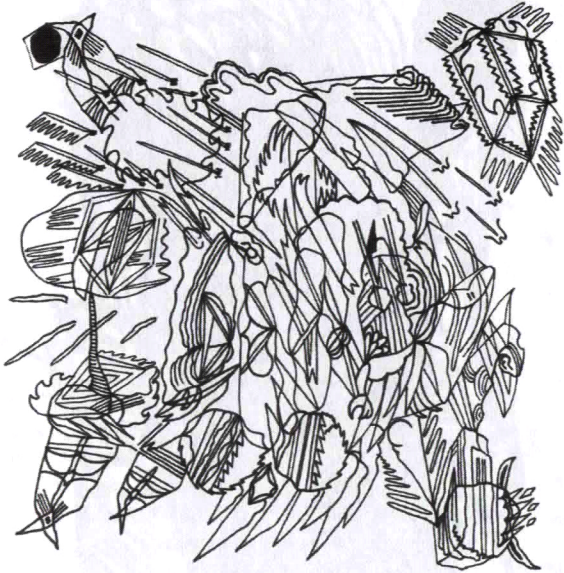
9. Die and Rules covered the holes in their heads while The Grasswarriors clapped their hands in intricate time. The clapping was a request to the universal fields that their minds would be challenged in positive light whatever the situation.



10. The giant vocal was now creating such a high-distorted treble that wild dogs, black sheep, and mammoths were crashing out of the infant jungle. You could no longer hear the hacking of shanks on nature as the feedback got closer and closer, and at the right time a path appeared. Silence peaked over the noise, stomping it out like unwanted fire. Every Grasswarrior divided by rules of eggless entry saw a Purple Purple.

CHAPTERSSS 3





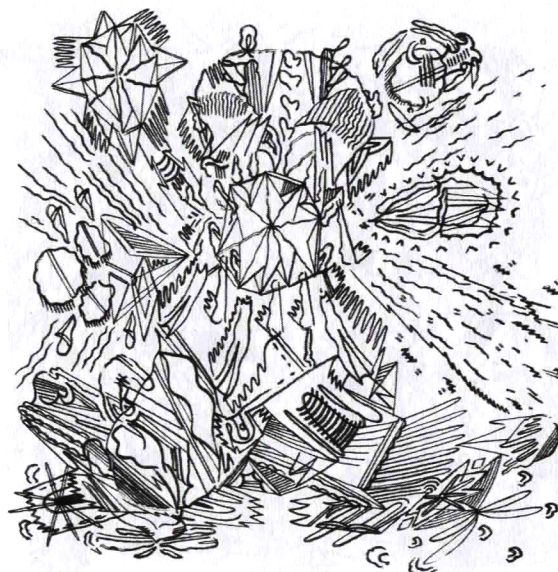
3. The swarm of Knights multiplied out of the vague purple, which fell into place with The Tooth. The two schools spoke no words, but exchange of energies screamed whispers. At a half-moment, The Knights went straight toward wounded foods that speckled the area. Hunger was what they had on their brains. The glass haircuts laying around them awaited new hairstyles.



4. Rules and Die looked on, and needed to say nothing to each other. They were overwhelmed with prophecy and synchronicity's blessings. They knew opposition and conflict had just come by jungle. Creativity and beauty was next by way of digestion.



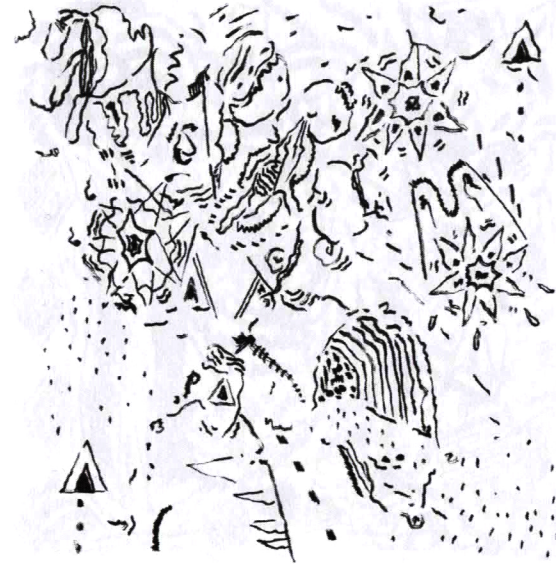
5. In the afterlife of eating, The Knights and The Purple Tooth felt comfortable with interaction and were ready to trade sands with the aliens that had watched them eat breakfast.



6. The two tribes faced each other toe to toe. Rules, Die and The Grasswarriors on one side, The Purple Tooth and The Knights on the other. The groups began violently flashing walls of intricate patterns and colors of the others at each other. The beginnings of battle looked much like peacocks showing off.



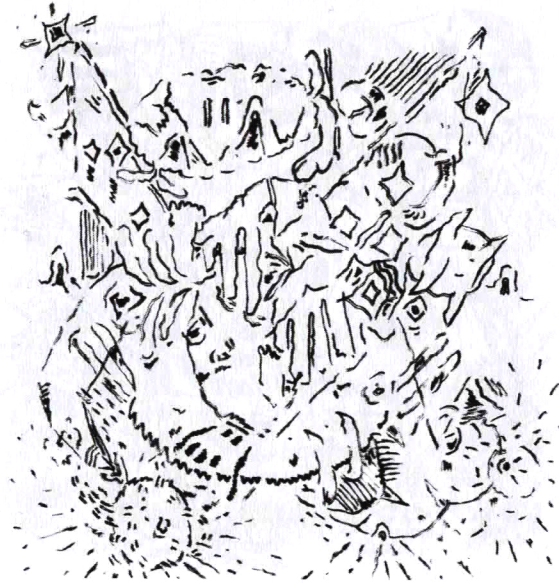
7. These patterns represented the blood, icons, morals, and journeys of each group's existence thus far. The patterns themselves were like an unfriendly handshake and would leave a sore spot on the average brain. The color's intensity was so bright, everything was black.



8. Two-and-a-half Knights and two-and-a-half Grasswarriors did not last the exchange. They saw things in themselves they could not bear to see. The bones in their bodies showed them they would only ruin the outcome of raw beauty of the rest of the builders.



9. The two-and-a-half and two-and-a-half had seen a perfect five with no opposition or conflict. This defeated the purpose of differences within the pattern battle. So the fives sacrificed themselves. They butted heads like rams in mating season over and over, smashing themselves into trillions of dust particles and microscopic matter.



10. The half-and-a-half had a balance issue and could not correctly smash half-heads. This handicap was easily made up for: they donated their half-selves to the jungle as an eternal fixture. A permanent statue in halves now joined as one perfect make-up. Nature's example of The Curse of Normality.



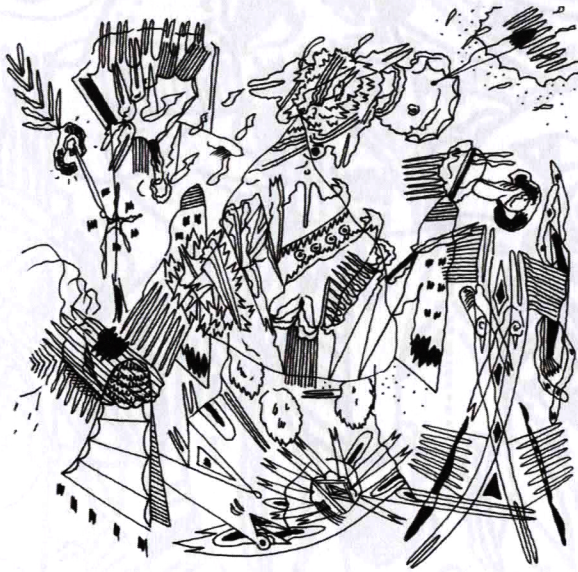
11. None of the remaining Knights or Warriors had even noticed the sacrifice or realized the dust of their compadres in their nostrils. Patterns were becoming much more dense and could make competitors lost and found.



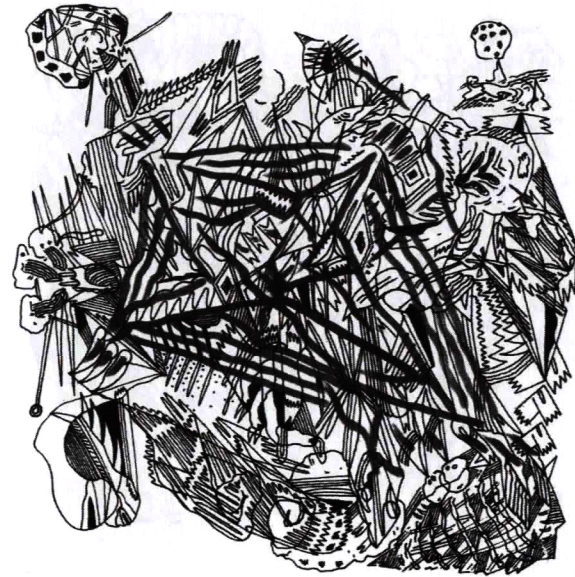
12. Walls of patterns flailed with visions and image disappearing into image; a false dawn in the flesh and for the first time. Skeletons and blueprints of non-existing genres hovered between the walls. The stray bones and phantom infrastructures kissed each individual a half-days straight.

CHAPTERSSSS 4

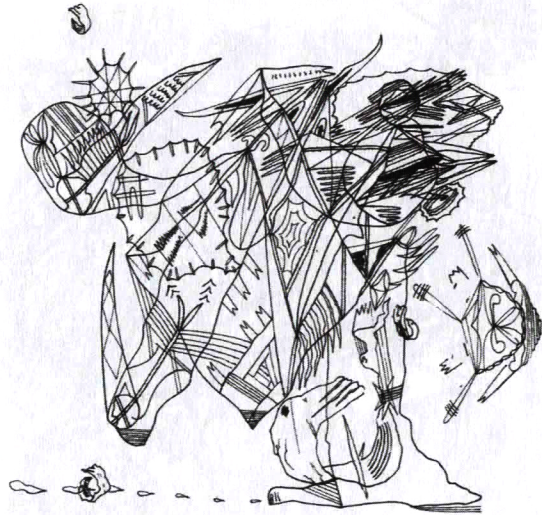




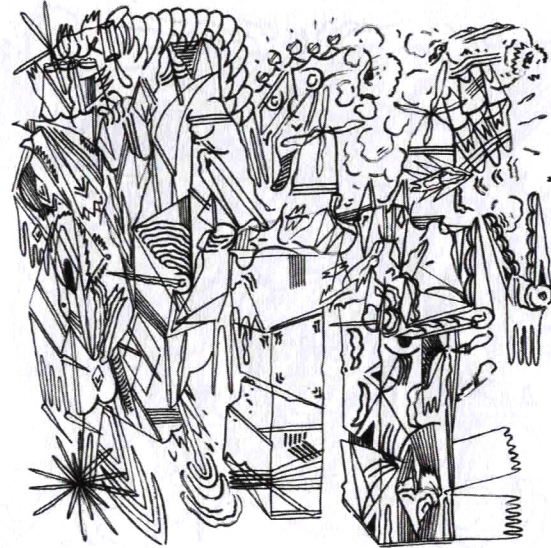
4. Throughout the nine half-days each tribe's pattern wall spawned roughly 111,000 creatures. This was more productive than any other pattern battle ever to take place in YES AND NO. Creatures poured out of control into non-reality. By the two dozens they entered and exited the area.



5. Each team of births frantically sprinted into the jungle and black forests. Passing the Fixture of Normality and down the trail, The Knights had blazed on their way toward digestion.



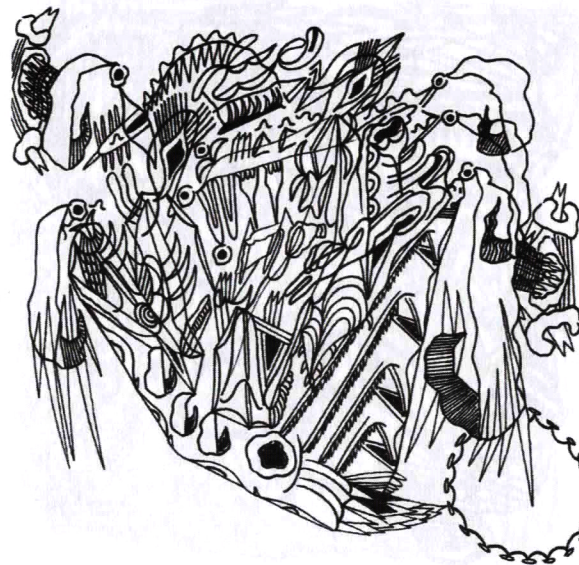
6. Mammals and nouns of all sorts were rapidly being thrown around by positive and negative verbs. The creation war did not discriminate, any hairless cat covered in sea urchins could tell you that. It was a sight for sore brains and the sorest minds of all were retiring in subconscious battles and non-sleep states. They would not witness the textures of their challenge.



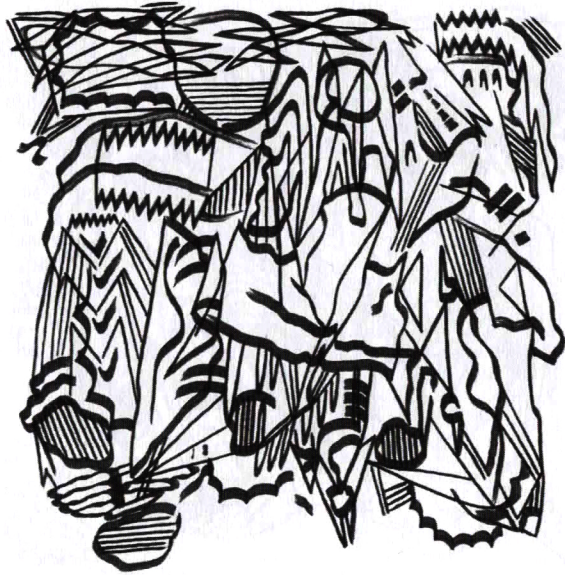
7. By the time every color and every fox skull came to a halt, the winds had become jealous. Silence was ruler of Black Refrigeration Pasture at this moment. The Crop Circles were now squares and silence was celebrity squared in some sphere.



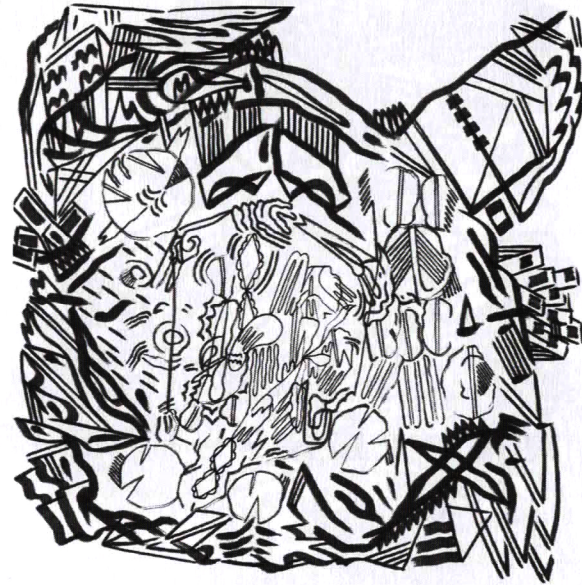
8. The two tribes were now equally equated and saw inequal vision. From big blue skies, red rain was quickly falling. The pale red wetness was bullying every other color from the lands at a modest pace.



9. This happened when the sun exhausted its sensitivity temperatures. After seeing so much dirt of life and creative force among common spirits, the sun became so proud it couldn't help crying its inner core out. This was routine weather post-pattern battle/creation war. Animal interactions and spiritual relations between tribes post-challenge were not as simple to forecast.



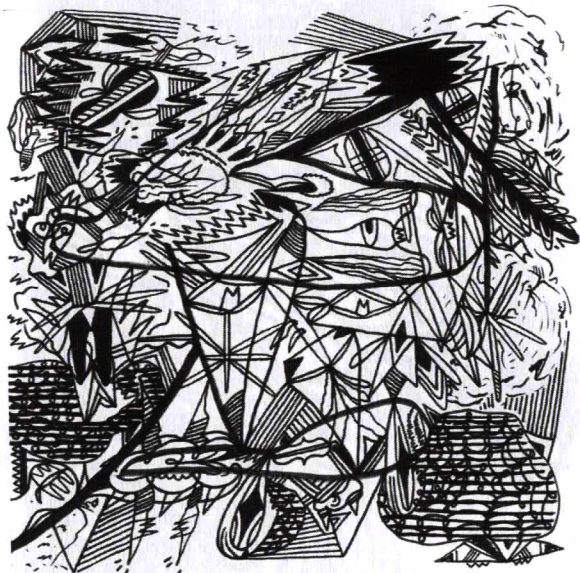
10. The winds went from jealous to patient. They whistled calmly and put everything that is YES AND NO to a stale slumber. This was so the creatures of YES AND NO would not drain resources from their own post-battle weariness.



11. This was ritual post-challenge. Subconscious celebration always followed and non-beauty sleep was underway. When all of YES AND NO were in celebration state, chaotic magix thundered the soils.

CHAPTERSSSSS 5

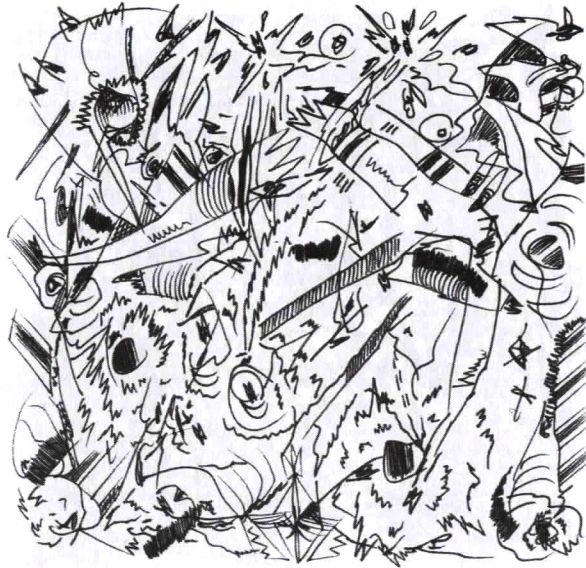




5. In stale slumber, beings were being reminded; relearning how to live side by side with electricity and nature. Reliving how to live by each other and remembering they are all made from the dirt and the same elements of the land's natural life.



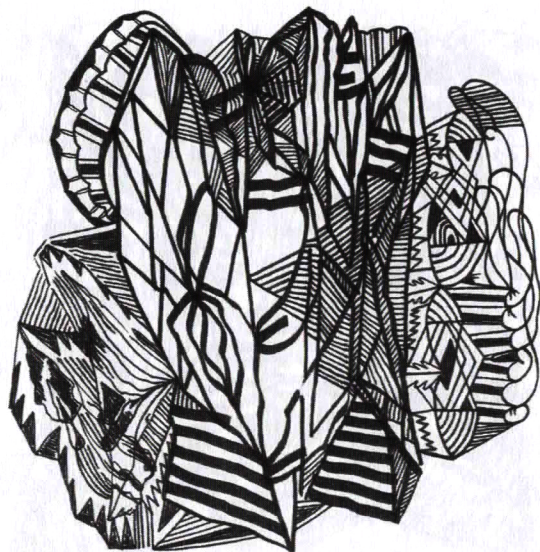
6. Volcanoes erupted into the atmosphere spawning new suns. Beasts were born from butterflies and mountains migrated. Bangles with yellow mouths blew redwood whistles making the non-kind tone of heavy disorder. The pitch called on every heart to forgive and practice hard imagination.



7. Ancestors visited during the sleep celebrations. They sang praises to the soil's abundance and the lessons within photosynthesis. Every ancestor of slumber preached the same message. Every creature was the dirt and a click in the cycle of Big Nature's body.



8. When The Bangle's Eyes can grow vines and the sky is wood grained, slumber is lifted and celebration knowledge transfers to non-slumber travels. This is what the sleepers awaited blindly. Rules was being visited by the eggless birds of Tri-Duplex Past Tense. He received reassurance of his bloom of conflict to the highest elegance and sparkle of non-hollow existence. This shine would blanket the plains and brains of YES AND NO.



9. The posse of Knights (multiplied by The Purple Tooth) were re-experiencing colorlessness and the old world of Gemini. Visions quaked within their visit, forcing their minds into Vibration State Teachings of acceptance in non-reality followed. The scroll they received: Learn to live minus twin lives and cancel all Doppelgangers of Gray Love.



10. Die and The Grasswarriors visit was centralized and direct from the wind cores of YES AND NO. The winds stressed in slumber, and screamed the importance of Rules' role in The Grasscult. One of D was key, one of R was lock. When ocean gates are opened, Big Nature's beauty rules and Big Nature's body dies. The vision was tri-partisan with one missing.



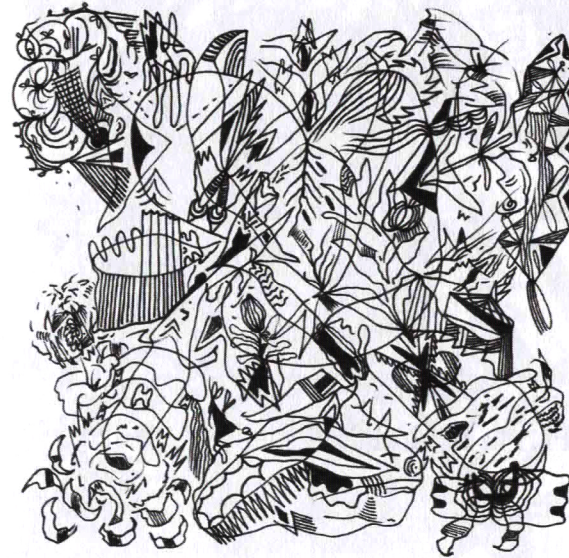
11. It was half NovemberRemember and a quarter December One Hundred and Tenth approaching the Year of Yurt. The above was wood grained and the mass of YES AND NO was now 90% pale and red from the sun's saltwaters. Rules, Die and The Purple Tooth within Knights and Warriors descended from non-sleep to the tunnel of non-reality.



12. Visiting hours were over and The Bangle's Eyes had seen leaves and harvested some intimidating vines. Within the tunnel, close to the tip of YES AND NO, the two posses were being forced physically from celebration state.



13. Some lone minerals and echoes with no I.D. and no idea felt like the group had over extended its stay in slumber. They had abused their non-sleep privileges with length of relax and it was time to make new discoveries turn into verbs.



14. Each little mineral chose a member of the tribe to be their hosts out of the tunnel. The minerals entered their individual member through the pores of their most recent thought. Once inside, they awaited activation.

CHAPTERSSSSSS 6





6. Echoes roared through the tunnel with no I.D. and no idea. When the roads reached the tribes it sent signals to the once lone, now not alone minerals. This sparked re-birth for the elements stowed away in their host. On contact echoes clashed with each mineral like slow motions in slow motion.



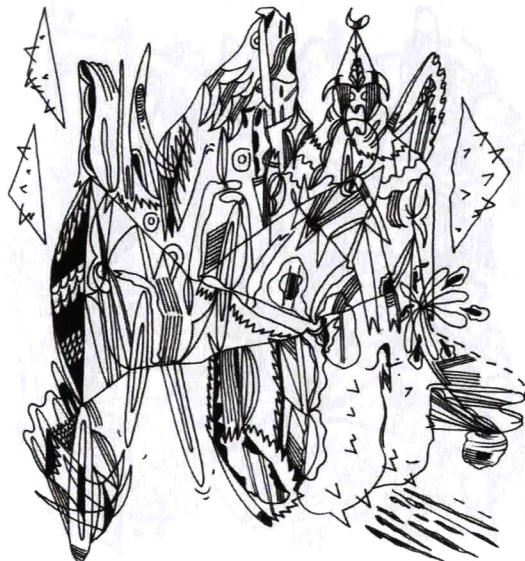
7. The hosts of the after-party were clueless of the activities taking place inside of them. The electricity from the minerals and audio signals mating with each other carried the individuals closer to the end of the post-pattern battle celebration tunnel. Under the sleeping skins of each Warrior and each Knight, primal energies waged Love Wars on one another.



8. The sound bites of history and elements of everything weaved smoke baskets and blew violent trumpets throughout the core of the hosts.



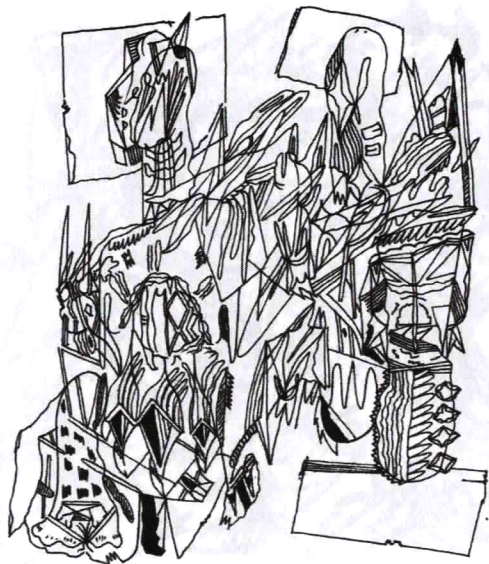
9. Levitation occurred when the individuals' bones crystallized with creation. The cycle of elements giving birth and dying became dying became automated. This process repeated at light speeds causing miniature fires in each tribesman's mental forest.



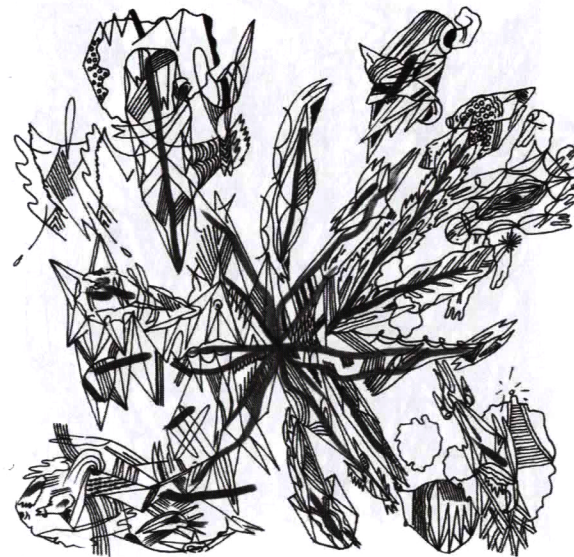
10. The bodies hovered closer and closer to home and non-reality. At the tip of the tunnel and the brink of YES AND NO, intensity reached levels of infinity.



11. Flames that were once miniature were now twice a fireball. The bodies of the conflicted had bloomed into a hovering Garden of Heat.



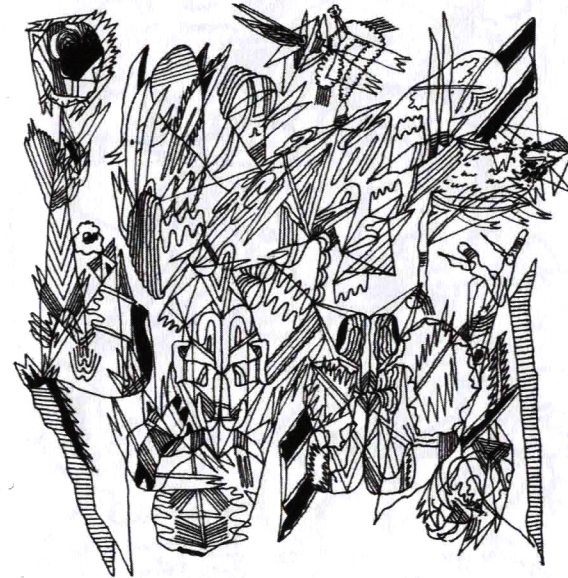
12. Die's ice cream cone of a grill was now soft-serve and the mass of hot mess struggled with re-entry. It punctured non-reality over and over until finally nature gave it permission to not exist. In a flap of a hawk's wing, the tunnel evaporated and the fireball floated aimlessly over the blood red plains of YES AND NO.



13. On the grounds below in the center of The Crop Squares, the rind of the sun sat on a positive rock. It was now long dehydrated by the new sun's volcanoes birthed in celebration. It looked comfortable among its own tears that had claimed The Pastures.



14. The Garden of Heat had yet to harvest a Grasswarrior or a Knight. It hovered with silence and showed no signs of any posse member's fate. The warm cloud was patient and received no mental anticipation from any source.



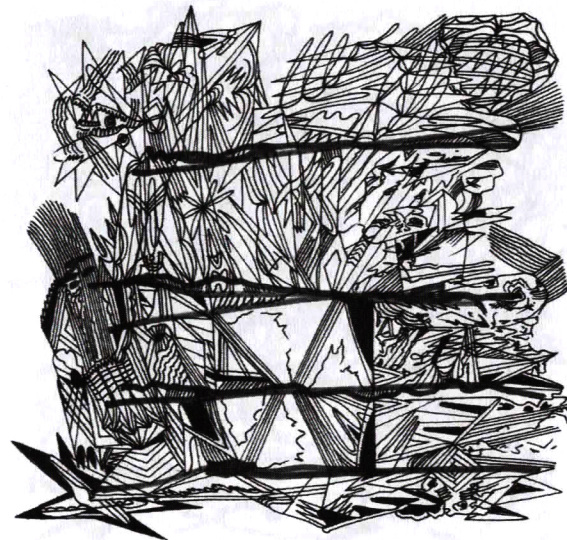
15. YES AND NO was not a virgin to this scenario. In fact, it is the reason YES AND NO is still not simply YES OR HARDLY NO. This same incident had taken place once before post-pattern battle celebration on DecemberRemember One Hundred and Eleventh Year of the Duplex.

CHAPTERSSSSSSS 7





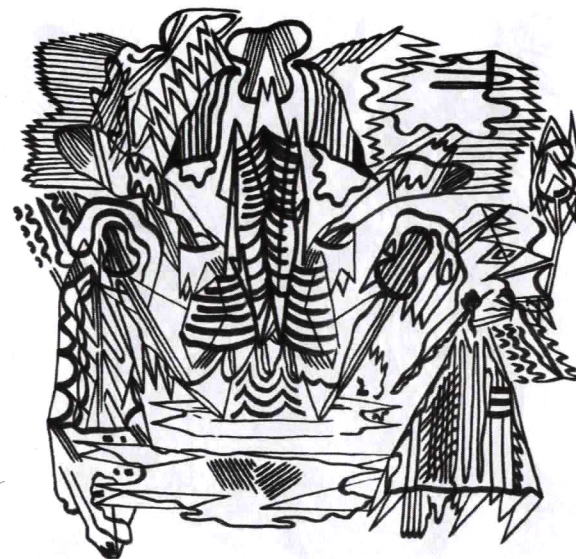
7. On that day the outcoming rules arrived on eggless entry with twilight complexion. The income of the first and now annual post-tunnel Heat Garden / line of sight rind of sun. His second coming on One Hundred and One Eleventh Year of Duplex changed the fate of 9 ivory druids and 5 landscapes with no friendship.



8. Little did he know of it, but Rules was no rookie in this situation. Through one degree of spirit separation he had played a major role in the first annual. So patience was on this group's side and with Rules' experience in round one, advantage was present at the ultimatum 10 moments ahead of themselves.



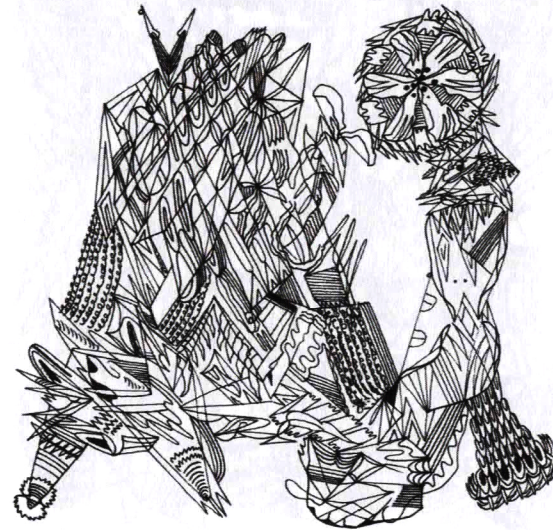
9. This was the half-hour of Hawks Truths and every Warrior and Knight had sleep powers the size of honesty eyes. The second coming of the sun's rind and the Heat Garden of Prophets. Answered questions that don't need answers. A canyon collapsed and a lie was told. The temperature dropped into the events.



10. The context was a virtual sandwich made of a fireball, the skin of a sun, and red salts. The Heat Garden hadn't given a hint and the hostages had not budged when out of no rush, Rules came tumbling out of hot and incoherent sleep. In raw seconds Big Nature showed over achievement.



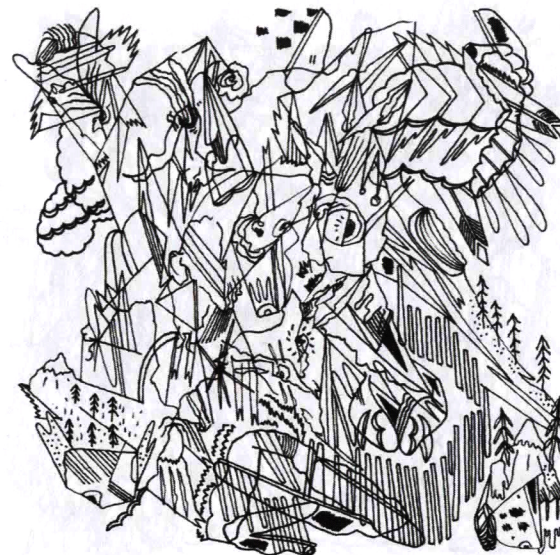
11. Rules landed head first onto the Redlands. Directly in front of him was the sun's rind, which was still sadly drying out by the light of its next generations. On touchdown Rules was bombarded by elbows and uppercuts. Blow by blow they came from everywhere out of nowhere.



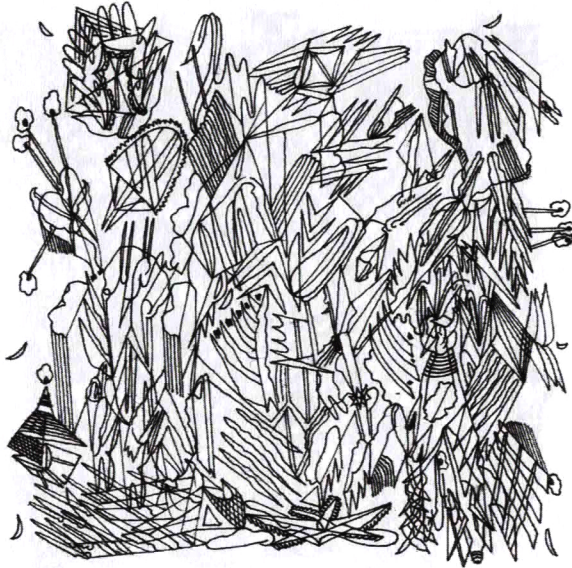
12. It was the frustrated ghosts of the retired sun's rind. The sun's ghosts tried their best to brawl the released hostage into their pocket of leftovers. Rules fought back with invisible forces, but he was weak and disoriented from the sleep celebrations. The force eventually had its way with Rules and handed him by invisible fist into the rind of the sun.



13. Once inside, the sun's skin wore him like new winter's armor. It molded to every wrinkle on his twilight complexion, paralyzing everything in his body except his heart and brain His pulse was now temporarily the pulse of generosity's highest position.



14. Heavy tremors began petting the reborn sun divided by Rules. Communication stages followed the tremors in black light language conversations. There was a bright silence hand-in-hand with solar incarnation.



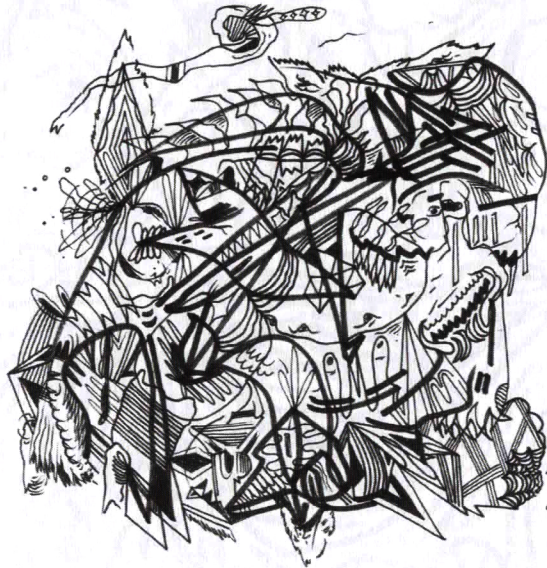
15. In the brightness of all silence, Rules inherited the nirvana of the sun's past existence but could not ignore its current realm of desperation. The sun repeatedly requested that Rules face his power and position, encouraging him to utilize the spirit and honor of his fellow tribesman for the benefits and for all of non-reality.



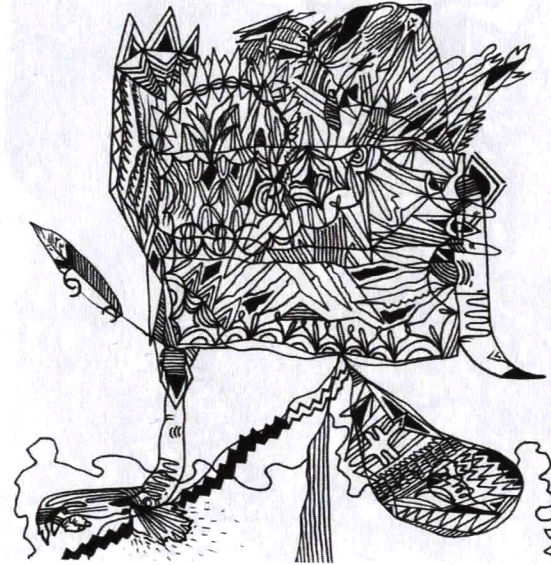
16. Under the spell and in the possession of the rind, Rules could hear the stars whispering his code and chemical make-up. The answers were knocking at his mind's door. He was to retrieve a Yes or a No for all who had ever inquired.

CHAPTERSSSSSSSSSS 8





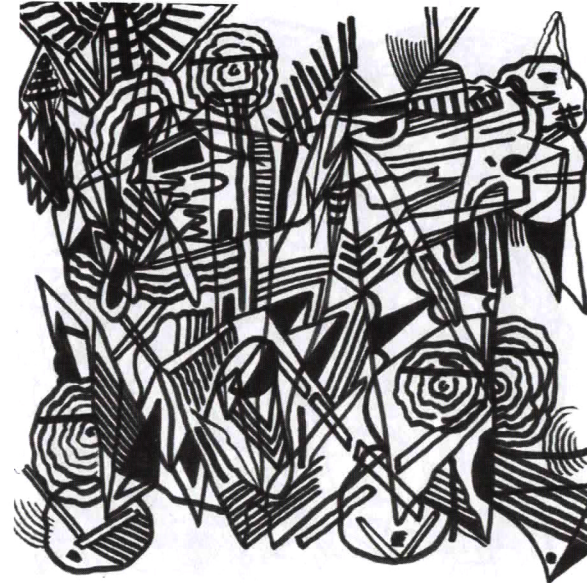
8. The Ivory Druids had this same opportunity at one point and failed by the hands of circumstance and of the stars and Big Nature. At the half-second Rules came to exist, The Druids and the Friendless Landscape were in non-sleep trapped by hot hover. By their own subconscious stubbornness and displaced motives they were unable to muster acknowledgment of ultimatum.



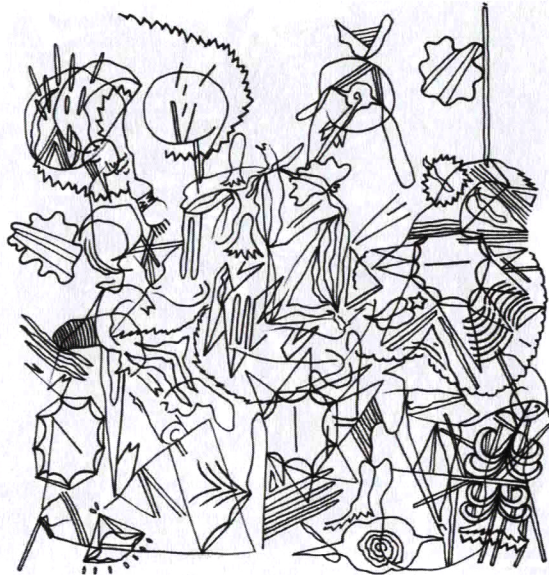
9. At that moment, the entrance of Rules into non-reality caused enough anticipation throughout the nature of YES AND NO to obscure the mental strength of The Druids. This startled The Heat Garden and threw haste in its current. The fireball dismissed its guests without regret. Fireworks came by 9 skulls and 5 vacant lots.



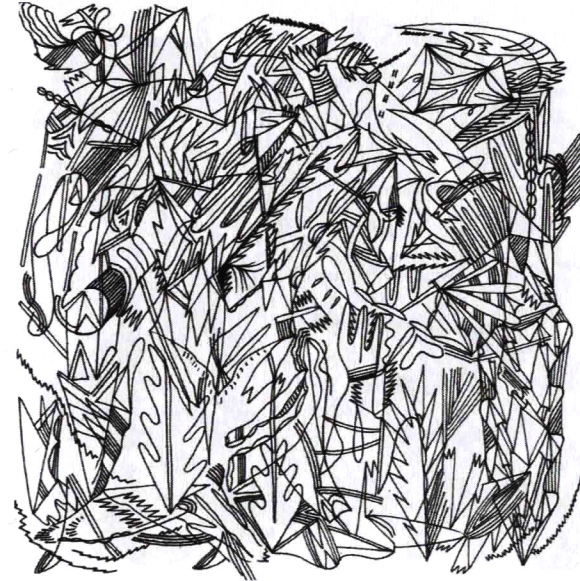
10. So it became the destiny of eggless entry to clarify the existence of his surrounding non-existence and the purpose of two posses to bring big love and vibrancy to The Plains. They would give birth and in exchange receive ultimate exchange.



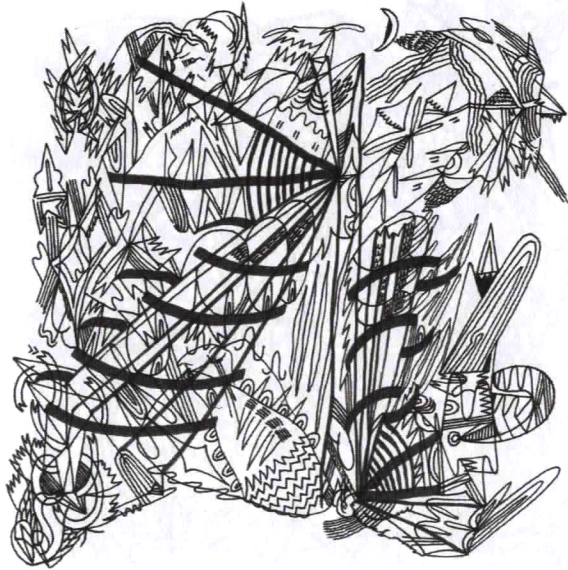
11. Rules used every crumb of thought he had to adopt the practices of the braves. He called on the mountain in his chest to humble the fear. Rules yelled to his brain and it granted permission to his body to rise up into the hovering fireball.



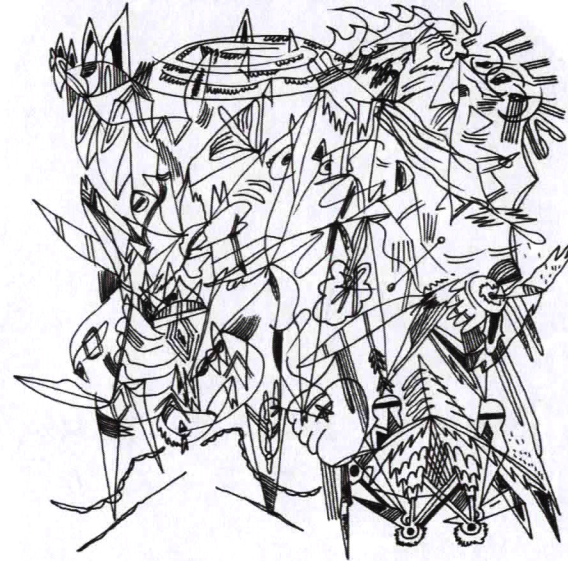
12. The sun's rind that wore Rules coached him into the adoption of The Heat Garden as its new core. Now Rules had to agree with 111% of himself to sacrifice everyone as a single tribe to be the new center of the reborn sun. This was the choice Rules had won himself by wishing on the same star twice in a first coming crisis. It was stress filled, but a privilege carried by only one creature. Everything that was nothing would want to depend on it.



13. The solar skin promised Rules that by making the sacrifice he and his mates would truly see the beauty in conflict and receive the answers to the answers they gave everyone else. The rind warned answers would not be dialogue but actions. Rules knew they might have an ocean of questions based on their answers, or may not be able to acknowledge the original question. Nevertheless, the braves flexed.

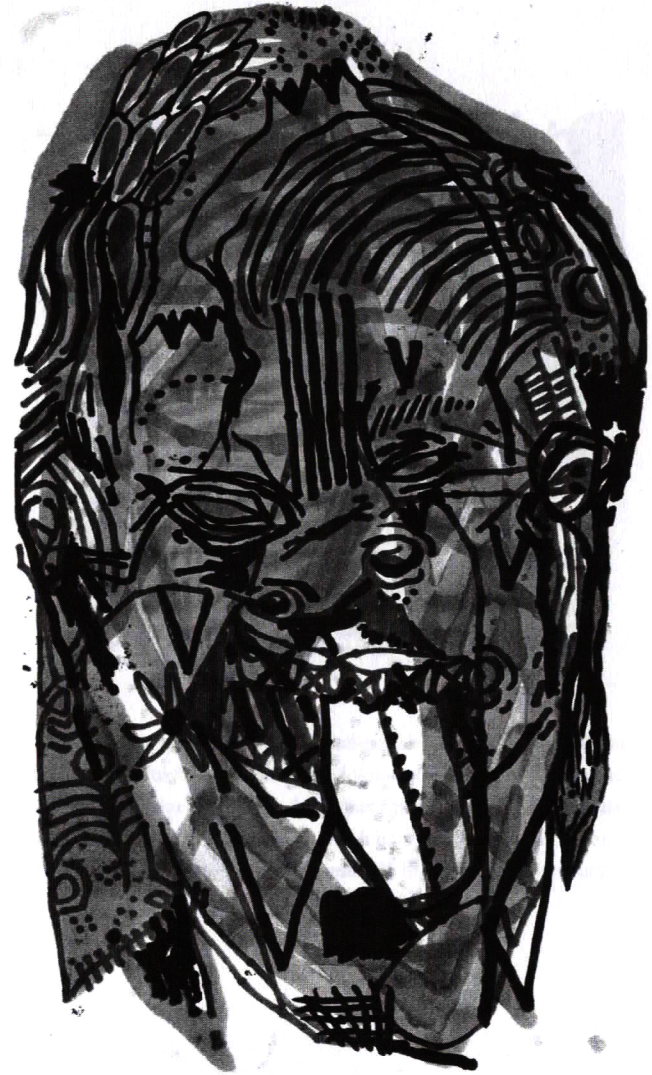


14. If Die and The Grasswarriors, The Purple Tooth and The Knights weren't all out of order in the sun's future center, they would encourage sacrifice and resolution for the nothing they loved. This was the beginning endings of YES AND NO and it was going to be one, the other, or neither.



15. When Rules saw absolute sense at 111%, love crumbled and compressed his soul to solid honesty. His love for everything said yes to sacrifice as did The Knights and Grasswarriors. As one they submitted to their fate and progression was uncloaked.

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9. At a quarter of acceptance the solar body suit whipped Rules back into The Heat Garden with his sub-athletic colleagues. The sun's rind immediately flared from his twilight climate and drank up the central hover. Pink clouds dissected themselves into the sphere and the sun's rind flocked onto the ball of tribesman and temperature.



10. The dawn of the new sun had started unfalse. Rules was back in the post-slumber tunnel state that Die and the rest of his mates had maintained throughout the prior events. His brain went back on flame and back on bright black.



11. Back in meditation and non-slumber, the sacrifice had never happened as far as Rules and the others that sacrificed themselves could sense. As the rind warned, the group was no longer aware of the initial question. The results were for everything else to witness. The difference that mattered most was that the tribe was burning away in non-sleep without thought in the core of the second coming. The new sun was back on the fringe of false atmosphere and the solar ghosts were ecstatic.



12. When the second-hand crust was completely reinstalled, the ghosts of the rind worshipped the sphere back to the higher skies. At this point, the past and future had deleted themselves from the momental physically. The chart of factual momental only knew the present and even that only held a mini-fractal of relevance. The two tribes were held prisoner by their generosity.



13. Their brains were a bundle of plateaus and expansion exercises. They had no concept of size or the temperatures they inherited. Then reward briskly showed itself within the boundaries of the fractured present. Like time release, each tribesman was confronted one after the other by their trophy of actions. They were given a glimpse of what they came from and its current wealth of optimism.



14. YES AND NO was in a gracious moment and was now purely known as YES. The sacrifice of Rules and the others had made the planets decision based on their own decision to submit to the sun's rind. The surrender was the answer to the existence of planets and creation. Birth of planets was confirmed by re-birth of the sun.



15. Through conflict, vision, and generosity, the planet was believed in. The dawn of dawns had arrived to all non-existing components. As a unit, universal revolution and the end of the beginning were trusted. Unknowing of each one's happenings, a dimensional liberation had come by Grasswarriors, Knights, a Purple Tooth, Rules and Die.



16. Little Nature eclipsed with greedless prosper and shared the first half-moment of real talk with Big Nature; all dimensional on one tick for all.



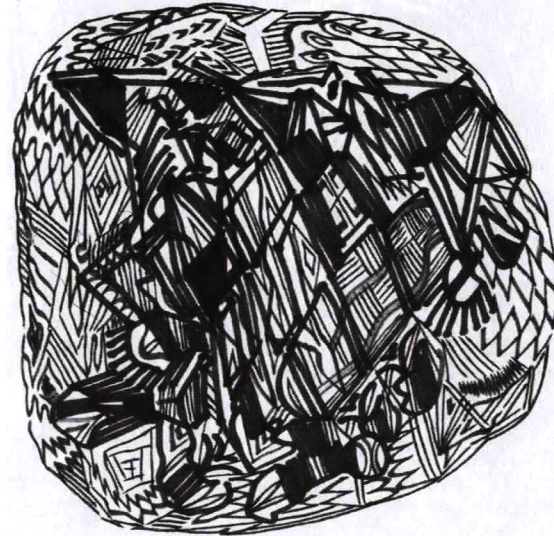
17. The solar tribes mental geography was landless but was divided by optimistic expansion. Feelings were great but still vague on any subject of past and future. They awaited the arrival of something even more alien than where they came from. The future was right behind them and about to attack.

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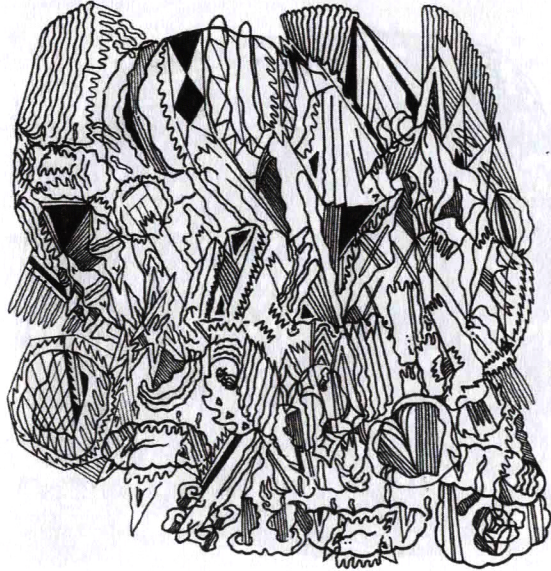




10. In return, no pair of eyes could spy the core of the sun except those that approached its center of limbo. The posse received focus; individually their personalized outcome was presented to them. The Purple Tooth was first to be shaken from nowhere. By a chocolate wolf and an angel of forgiven envy, the strangers before The Tooth presented him with two eyelids.



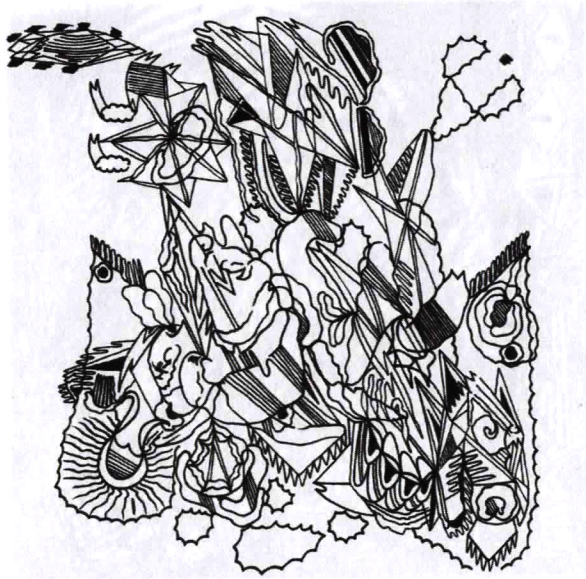
11. As fast as the first question struck The Purple Tooth's thoughts, the lids had opened. The balls inside gazed with a flawless angle and showed no nonsense. The iris appeared to The Tooth as a perfect gap in the mouth it had been missing. The angel and the wolfe placed The Tooth in its gap and jumped into purple eyes that looked within.



12. The Knights were gathered from non-slumber as quickly as the eyelids slammed shut. A hunter with 9 palms stole their sleep and gave each Knight a brick of water. The hunter stuck a palm in each brick and moaned as if he was as close to death as his game. The Knights were sternly told to drink of the bricks and huddle together.



13. As they hugged, the fluid inside of them began to harden. They slowly gelled into a perfect skeletal structure. As the hardened anatomy shaped itself, The Knights lost their minds. The hunter crawled in the rib cage and mediated himself and the newborn bones back to nowhere.



14. Die and The Grasswarriors were next to be socked from unhealthy sleep. Fields of yellow paper and The Squire of Briar Seeds claimed their vision. All the warriors minus Die sprinted into the fields out of fear they'd never felt. The skittish warriors disbanded into the jagged yellow space evenly. Hundreds of paper cuts later, nerve lightning shot each warrior once in the face.



15. The yellow papers burnt up in no moments and fields of deep dark white fouled the acres. A metamorphosis took place and nerve-damaged warriors cocooned to glands and nerve endings. The Squire steamrolled them mentally into sheets of sensitivity. Lightening struck twice tough and the sheets cooked to thick air.



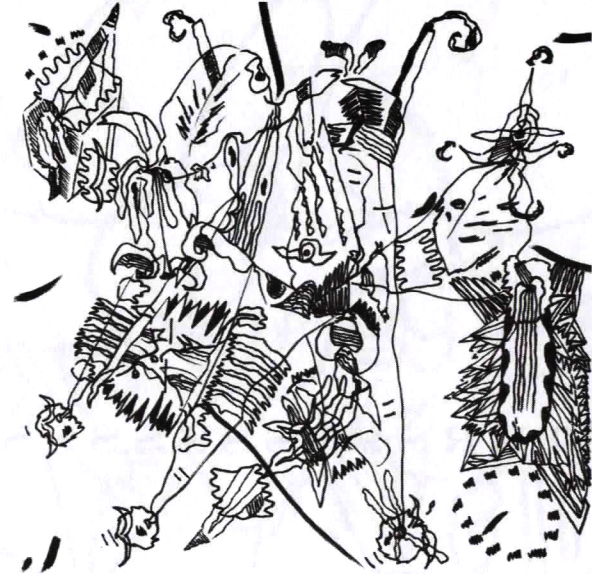
16. Die stood fearless facing The Squire of Briar Seeds. The Squire snapped its fingers in a spiders face and vanished. Die spied a crow mid-flight heading toward him. Die stayed still as the black dart grew closer. The speed of the crow's shadow on the ground became hypnotizing. Before he could snap out of it the bird's beak had penetrated his chest at high volume.



17. The crow had knocked Die windless off his feet. It forced and squirmed its way into his body. Die's mass began growing from the inside out. The bird of another feather began churning from Die's pores. Without a witness Die had morphed to a feather-light heart of great proportions. Flashes came again and the pulsing boulder gave way to Big Nature.



18. Rules' ceremony of reward came swift and with soft awakening. He awoke dotted with condensation and was introduced to thumping company. The beautiful face of an ordinary woman was present.



19. The woman's hand tightly gripped a gold mallet. She spoke nutritional essays with her dimples and held secrets she did not want. Calmly, the young lady broke her own skull in with the gold mallet. Her head was showered with cracks and an entry appeared. Rules looked close by her cowlick and saw every curl of hair she had, and they spelled the woman's brain. She picked Rules up and stuffed him in her head in a hurry. A red horse spawned from each of her feet and galloped them into the nearest nothing.

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11. Each journeyman was now a fixture in joint transition and collaborative metamorphosis. They had now entered the house beyond their athletic thought and physical abilities. With no trace of their original selves, they sat in a seat they could not fathom.



12. The Purple Tooth was now visibly a pair of sights. The Knights were now invisibly an immaculate kit of bones. The Grasswarriors were now invisibly swollen glands and nerve endings. Die was now invisibly a healthy red boulder with a perfect tick. And at last Rules was now invisibly a nutritional mind of over-achievement.



13. Holy smokes laminated this pleasant void. The new world's anatomy traveled in place and accumulated Big and Little Nature's relentless pace.



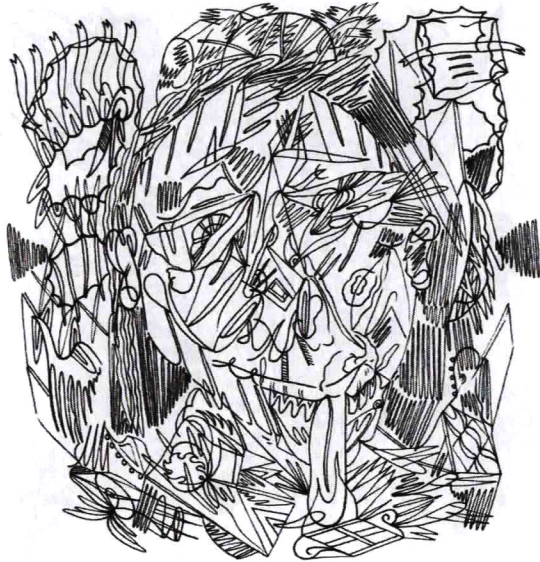
14. A tri-dimensional orchestra performed the simplest piece never performed. Cheering erupted from the body parts and the ensemble worshipped water. The conductor of the orchestra doubled as the agent of simplicity. When the last note rang out from the primitive score of tri-dimension, the anatomy was lateraled.



15. The conductor knew when to pass to Big Nature. It was time to stock the spacecraft with a billion moments worth of walking. The simpletons assembled the glands, nerves, eyes, heart, and brain. The item was placed inside the spacecraft, though the ship was primal and experienced as dirt. It had never broken down so it had never been fixed.



16. Outer Limits knocked on the craft 3 times slowly. The vehicle imploded into the only true moment of reality that ever took place. For a half-second, there was a sense of absoluteness and towers of the obvious stood as tall as you could possibly imagine.



19. Simplify.



20. Simplify.



21. Chance is infinite out of our sights. With no dialogue but the day itself, a woman felt something she'd never felt. Any comparison was delusional. On DecemberDoesn'tMatter, an infant with purple eyes and a mountain in its chest hailed from a woman's vagina. Somewhere something caught up with itself but that thing had seen good before them before.



MASCULINE DRUGS

Performed by Zach Hill & Holy Smokes

1. Royal Jelly / Maybe Another Lover
2. Explosions Came by Nine Skulls
3. Do the Death
4. Eggless Entry / Friendless Landscape
5. Getting in the Head of Your Galaxy
6. Big Nature Getting Lazy
7. The Idiot Found Food
8. Mountains in Thy Chest
9. Bad Circulation
10. Cannibal Kids / The Nine Palmers
11. Gardens of Various Heat
12. Post-Pattern Battle Celebration
13. Royal Loner / Possibly Another
14. Masculine Drugs (Tri-Duplex Edit)

Produced and conducted by Zach Hill

Engineered by JR Thompson & Tony Cale, mixed by JR,

Tony, and Zach @ RetroFit Recording, Sacramento CA

Mastered by Rick Fisher @ RFI, Seattle WA

Holy Smokes band is: Dan Elkan, Rob Crow, Jonathan Hischke,
Ian Hernandez, Steve Borth, Carson McWhirter, JR Thompson
& Zach Hill

Thank You: Adam, David, my family, friends, Holy Smokes, and
animals, and cyclopse slayers.

Everybody played lots of instruments. This is for all women alive.

